Qu. Vp to ſome ſcaffold, there to looſe their heads.
King. No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The height imperiall tipe of this earths glory.
Qu. Flatter my ſorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what ſtate, what dignitie, what honor,
Canſt thou demiſe to any child of mine?
King. Euen all I haue, yea and my ſelfe and all,
Will I withall endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry ſoule,
Thou drowne the ſad remembrance of thoſe wrongs
Which thou ſuppoſeſt I haue done to thee.
Qu. Be briefe, leſt that the proceſſe of thy kindneſſe
Laſt longer telling then thy kindneſſe doo.
K. Then know that from my ſoule I loue thy daughter.
Qu. My daughters mother thinkes it with her ſoule.
Kin. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thou doeſt loue my daughter from thy ſoule,
So from thy ſoules loue didſt thou her brothers,
And from my hearts loue I do thanke thee for it.
King. Be not ſo haſtie to confound my meaning,
I meane that with my ſoule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Say then, who doeſt thou meane ſhall be her king?
King. Euen he that makes her Queene, who ſhould elſe?
Qu. What thou?
King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it madame?
Qu. How canſt thou wooe her?
King. That I would learne of you,
As one that were beſt acquainted with her humor.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
King. Madam with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that ſlew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and Yorke, then happily ſhe will weepe,
Therefore preſent to her, as ſometime Margaret
Did to thy father, a handkercheffe ſteept in Rutlans blood,
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a ſtory of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'ſt away her vncle Clarence,